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SUTRO TUNNEL.

On the evening of the 9th inst., a quarter before eleven o'clock, the last big blast with cartridges of giant powder broke away the narrow strip of rock which separated the Sutro tunnel from the deep level of the Savage mine, and befitting the occasion, Mr. Sutro was himself the first person to pass through from the tunnel into the mine, and thence up the shaft to the surface. It was a gigantic undertaking, and from the breaking of the ground, October 19, 1869—the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington, at Yorktown, by the way—until now, the vast enterprise has been urged forward under difficulties which all the time developed the indomitable spirit and prodigious resources of its projector in overcoming obstacles that would have appalled almost any other man. He had something more unyielding than nature to meet and conquer—the powerful antagonism of immense wealth combined in solid and obdurate mass to oppose him which neither diamond drills could penetrate nor giant powder blast from before him. But he has won the brave battle by pluck and push—aided by that chief essential, gold coin. He has driven his tunnel through about 20,000 feet of base rock from Sutro, in Carson Valley, the entrance point, to the shaft of the Savage, which opens near the peak of Mount Davidson. The total cost of the work is estimated at nearly four millions of dollars. Having now tapped the Comstock, Mr. Sutro will doubtless work northward to intersect the bonanza mines, and search the utmost ore limit in that direction. Whether he will also penetrate south to, through and beyond the Chollar-Potosi, is the problem only himself or his successors, can or will probably solve. The paramount question of the present, now that his tunnel has struck the opening to the great mining shafts, are: What will he do with it? and, how will it pay? As it stands, however, it is the prodigy of mining and engineering enterprises, and has made the name of its projector conspicuous, if not famous. If it shall realize his prophesies and hopes, he need not fear of lack of either fame or fortune. And, in any event, he has demonstrated his ability to subdue nature and overcome the power of gold to oppose and defeat him. The effect of the tunnel upon the stock market will be an interesting and material matter for dealers as well as shareholders, directors and managers to take into account.

WARNING TO AMERICAN GIRLS.—Oliver Logan relates that an American girl went over to Paris with her brother the other day, and the instant she was left alone with her companion in the carriage, a middle-aged Frenchman insulted her. She told her brother when he returned, and there was a fearful outburst. The Frenchman gave him his card, and said he was deeply sorry, and said he would abide by the decision of the other as to the consequences to ensue for his mistake, but certainly he never suspected that mademoiselle was a lady, as she was painted! The brother appealed to the best authorities in Paris in these matters, to learn what the code was under these circumstances, and all the men of the Jockey Club told him that if his sister's eyelashes were blackened and her cheeks rouged, he could have no redress, as these practices were never followed by "une demoiselle de monde."

THE AFFABLE MAN.—A mother and babe were among the many passengers waiting at a Western depot recently. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story overcoat, and a rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her, he remarked: "Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?" She faintly nodded. "Does he seem to feel it much?" continued the man. She shook her head. "Is he a healthy child?" he asked, seemingly greatly interested. "He was up to it a few moments ago," she snapped out, "but I'm afraid he has smelled whiskey so much around here, that he'll have the delirium tremens before night!" The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterwards seen buying cloves.

A PAINFUL CASE.—In connection with the Madras famine a painful case is reported from Bellary. A child aged nine years was convicted of murder. The Judge said that the child's little sister, the deceased girl, was at the point of death from lack of nourishment and the mother was prostrated by fever and unable to feed it. At last, distracted by its crying, the unfortunate woman put the child into the arms of the accused, who, by the mother's directions, took it out and threw it into a well. The Judge recommended a pardon.

A SCHOOLGIRL IN ARBOR. took her lovers as a theme for an essay, which she read on commencement day, much to the astonishment of the assembly. She gave the names of the lovers, and minutely described their varied manner of courtship.

PLEASANT HOMES.

Some years since we recollect a man to state how in twenty years he made a comfortable fortune. He had a wife of taste, enterprise and industry. He would buy a farm which had been run down by neglect and slovenliness—house unpainted, fences broken down and the front yard a hog range. He could always buy cheap, as such owners were always in debt and had to sell. He would then repair it by painting and other small but important items. But he said his main dependence was on his wife. She would soon have the old garden brilliant with flowers, porches or piazzas, and have them laughing with the sweet vines. Then the place would be sold for nearly double the price of purchase six months previous. Then he would buy again, thus buying and selling continually. We do not, however, introduce these things to be followed in all respects, but to illustrate the increased value attached to a farm adorned by a little taste and industry. But that is not all. There is real enjoyment in having the home in which one is to live and die adorned in a manner which no gorgeous upholstery nor gilded mouldings sustaining costly lace can compete with. The dark-green ivy-leaves and vines, which can be taught to twine about walls, pictures and windows, add refinement and comfort and contentment to any home. And yet how cheap these priceless companion ornaments, to which Solomon in all his glory could not compare! Plant flowers and train the vines if you would have the world envy you in your home, and seek to obtain it by which you can command, but which will ever perpetuate its beauty. How few there are who really appreciate the materialized smiles of God unless they can buy them with money.

A FLATTERED FEMALE.—A man whose every look proved how hungry and penniless he was, halted before an eating stand at the Central Market to let his mouth water for a while. The woman called out: "Come be jogging along! You won't get any food here unless you have the cash." "My dear woman," he confidentially began, "I am not hungry; I just left the breakfast-table, after the heartiest meal I ever ate. I was not looking at your beautiful meats, your lovely cakes or your rich and juicy pies, but at yourself." "What you looking at me for?" "I was wondering," he said "if you were any relation to Lady Clara, of England. You have the same brown eyes, same beautiful hair, same sweet accent." "I never knew her," replied the woman, as her face began to clear up. "Didn't, eh? Well, I never saw two faces nearer alike in their sweet expression. I wish I had your portrait painted on ivory—I really wish I had." She handed him half a pie and a piece of meat, as he sauntered off, she began hunting around for a piece of broken mirror.

A QUIET LITTLE WOMAN.—The Eureka Sentinel tells how a lady (they are all ladies in Eureka), upon being insulted by some coal-burners, proceeded: She simply let fly with her right duke, countered on the nearest one's ear, and sent him to grass in the most approved style. The second came in for a stinger in the eye, and the third, completely intimidated, beat a retreat around the corner. Then the barkeeper sung out, "Make your partners for a waltz," and she vacated the gory field, and was soon whirling in the "mazy" with an admirer, to whom she confidentially remarked: "I'm one of the quietest little women that ever slung a hoof in Eureka; but when I'm riled, I'm bad and, don't you forget it." He promised not to.

SHORT BUT HEAVY.—At Grand Lake, New Brunswick, there lives an old man who will be 98 years of age on the 10th of next October, named Michael Mc Geary, who reads the newspapers readily, even when printed in the smallest type, and whose great-granddaughter, a washer-woman, who waits upon him, is but three feet, lacking an eight of an inch, in height. He has a great-granddaughter, who does not live with him, who is just three feet tall, but whose great weight of 292 pounds renders her incapable of doing any work, and prevents her from standing on her feet more than fifteen minutes at a time. —[N. Y. Star.]

GEORGE THOMPSON, an Englishman, started from Grindelwald, in Switzerland, intending to ascend the Faulhorn without a guide. Taking the path over the Holzmattzen, and besomg giddy, he got into such a position in the Kniebrecher that he dared neither advance nor retreat. Here he remained five days and six nights, subsisting on such herbs and roots as he could gather. At last, growing desperate, he contrived to slide down the mountain on his back, and crawled to a cottage near the Abuss Alp, where he got food and shelter.

A MAN who has the habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of arousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull and his judgement becomes obscured and he sinks in the slough of despair. And if anybody pulls him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him.

DURING the recent windstorm of a rotary character, in Australia, a farm of sixty acres, containing wheat, was lifted up and carried seven miles away, falling upon another wheat-field! The owner of the wind tossed farm has brought suit against the gentleman in whose field was set down, for the value of the wheat, and the lucky man refuses to compromise with him.

WONDERFULLY SILENT.—Harrison county, Tex., boasts of a man of 20 who never spoke a word to anybody in his life except his mother and sister.

"SO HAVE I."

A practical joker, and a prudent man withal, had gone to a cafe and ordered a three-masted schooner of beer, when a friend appeared at the door and beckoned him to go out for a moment. The intended drinker is afraid that in his absence some one might get away with the lipid, when a happy idea struck him, and he wraps a scrap of paper around the handle of the mug and thus inscribed: "I have spit in this." With a light heart he hastens to the door, communicates with, with his friend, and returns to find written in another hand beneath his own: "So have I!"

The validity of wedlock under certain circumstances, without a marriage ceremony, has been affirmed anew by Judge Ashman of Philadelphia. The suit was about the \$40,000 that John Simon, dying intestate, had left. For thirty-four years before his death he had cohabited with a woman without having been married to her, but she had always passed as his wife, and she and her children demanded a share of the property. The children by a former wife contested the claim, but have lost their case. Wisconsin has just passed a law legalizing the marriage of any man and woman who simply agree to live together as husband and wife.

A stupid-looking old mule, attatched to a milk wagon, stood in a shed in Cambridge the other day, eating oats out of a grain-box. A bad boy stole up and threw a handful of torpedoes in among the grain. The next mouthful the hungry beast took was followed by an explosion that set him upon his hind legs. His exit from the shed was so sudden that nothing but a harness buckle or two was left to tell the tale of the dire calamity. —Boston Globe.

YONKERS had a Fourth of July Oration who said: "And while the heart of our nation continues to throb, while the hollyhock of liberty disseminates its fragrance over the area of our domain, while the gratitude of the tons of soil—I mean sons of toil—recalls the heroism of those who bought and fled—excuse me, I should have said fought and bled—for us, so long will we treasure the noble heresy bequeathed to us by our bat-riotic posterity."

Prometheus chained to the rock occupied an enviable position compared with the Congressman who is compelled to remain in Washington while some rival is stealing his district away from him.

A RESIDENT of Los Angeles is now gathering ripe tomatoes from a twenty-foot ladder. The vine, which is twenty-five feet high, has been trained on the sunny side of the house, and shows blossoms and fruit in every shade of growth.

A NOVELTY.—The latest Parisian novelty is stockings with an ace of hearts on the instep.

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